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CASEY DISTRICT—No. 1.	Mar	June	Sept	Dec
R. F. Thifford	1	2	4	4
P. H. Atford	1	2	4	4
COVINGTON DISTRICT—No. 2.				
A. N. Brown	28	28	28	28
D. J. Wilcox	29	29	29	29
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 3.				
A. T. Coffman	26	26	26	26
W. P. Reider	27	27	27	27
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 4.				
Ben Newton	16	16	16	16
S. Woodard	17	17	17	17
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 5.				
J. L. Burton	8	8	8	8
C. W. Cole	9	9	9	9
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 6.				
J. S. McElroy	12	12	12	12
J. M. Miller	13	13	13	13
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 7.				
A. B. Bennett	21	21	21	21
A. B. Cooper	22	22	22	22
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 8.				
John A. Bennett	21	21	21	21
T. L. Allen	22	22	22	22
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 9.				
John A. Bennett	21	21	21	21
R. G. Weddell	22	22	22	22
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 10.				
J. S. Taylor	13	13	13	13
W. H. Campbell	14	14	14	14

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CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 8.	R. S. Hodge, Reider.
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 9.	A. C. Ellis, Reider.
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 10.	V. L. Madrox, Reider.
CHATEAUX DISTRICT—No. 11.	V. L. Madrox, Reider.

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W. H. MOORE, W. M.
Secy.

R. A. M.

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I. O. O. F.

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Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the second and fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit when convenient for them to do so.
L. BARRETT, N. G. W. M. PUFFS, Secy.
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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JUNE 20, 1877.

NO. 24.

LITTLE JESSIE.

Among the many beautiful gems of poetry, we publish this as singularly touching in its sweet and tender simplicity. The author's every thought and action, as each word is pure and chaste as those of the angels, to whom her spirit soul has gone!

Little Jessie, list how sweet
Sound the pater noster on her feet
On the floor.
Her voice the softest ever heard,
Our darling little angel bird—
Sings the amen.

Little Jessie laugh with glee,
Would thy life could always be
Full of light.
I wonder if the clouds will come,
To our darling little one,
Now so bright.

Could we do without her smile,
Singing, dancing, all the while—
Sweet to see,
Voice and laugh, and angel face,
Could another fill her place?
Not to me.

Love will fill thee from all ears,
Love will guard thee from each snare,
Thou art sweet,
Still, oh, hold, our darling keep,
From the dangers of life's deep,
Free from guile.

ENNA

FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OHIO COUNTY.

BY H. D. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER X.

Like most of the Western countries we have traces of, this portion of Kentucky, having been settled at a day long prior to the advent of Europeans, by a different race of people, flint-arrow heads, hatchets, pestles, and other implements made of stone and fragments of crockery ware, composed of a curious composition, were numerous many years ago; in fact, those flint-arrow heads served the principal means of supplying the old-fashioned flint locks with flints. Mounds containing human bones, were quite common. On many of these mounds the timber was as large as any in the adjoining forest. Some years ago while creeping up a road near the bank of Muddy creek, at the bottom of the ditches, which was some two feet deep, charcoal and ashes were found for the space of some two hundred yards—evidently showing that this had been a favorite camping ground, where some savage tribe had once hunted and perhaps fished, but how long ago none can tell. The road had once been covered like the adjoining lands, by heavy timber. A large mound containing bones is situated on a high ridge about a quarter of a mile from this place.

The late Robert Reider, Sr., a gentleman well known and highly esteemed for his many virtues, used to relate the fact of finding a mound or grave near Green river, in which were bones of an enormous size. A human leg bone, when stood on the floor beside his leg while sitting down, would reach to the top of his knee, and a jaw bone would fit loosely over his under jaw.

Now, when it is taken into consideration that Mr. Reider was a man considerably over medium height, measuring over six feet, with a large head and face, with a wide, prominent jaw bone, and quite corpulent, it will be seen, by taking the proper addition for the foot, ankle and connecting bones of the knee joints, that these bones must have belonged to a human being fully one-third larger than Mr. Reider, who ranked among the largest men of the day.

It is now a subject of regret that this grave had not been thoroughly examined by scientific men, and a full skeleton procured of this semi-giant race. Nothing like fortifications, or other war-like relics have been found in this section; the mounds so far as examined, all containing bones. The early pioneer and Indian fighter perhaps stole over these human depositories of the dead, without care or reflection, or perhaps with a feeling of trepidation; but not so with the sensitive youth when rambling through the forest in after years. It would be difficult to imagine the strange feelings that would spring up in the mind when one of those mounds obstructed his course, a thrill of superstition and awe reverberated for the dead, would turn his steps aside and no longer "whistling for want of thought," strange vagaries and enquiries would arise, such as "How long have they lain here in graves? What manner of people were they? Whence did they come and whither have they gone? Do their spirits now mingle with the spirits of the pale faces, or do they chase the phantom buffalo, elk and deer, in their own spirit-land?"

The hunters, like the sailors' yarns, are perhaps much the same in all countries, and we have in our youthful days all heard of the strange mishaps, the marvelous centre holes, the charmed guns, and the evil bullets, told of by the old hunters. To us it seems strange nowadays, that sensible men should ever have believed in such absurdities as having their guns charmed, but stories used to be told by men of undoubted veracity, which did seem almost marvelous, and can only be accounted for upon the principle that when once a hunter happened to make a very bad shot he became nervous, excited and unsteady, and consequently could kill nothing until his excitement was off, and confidence in his good gun restored. Many times, no doubt, this excitement was superinduced by the frequent mishaps occasioned from his rickety old gun-lock and worn-out flint. Many and many were the times when the sleek, fat deer walked leisurely away, while the poor hunter was picking his flint and re-adjusting his priming, for percussion caps and firelocks were unknown, nor was hunting then a mere child's play—bear and panther fights were common occurrences.

A story is told of an old hunter, his name not now recollected, who, for the

want of a belt in which to place his tomahawk, fastened a strong cord to the end of the handle and swung it around his neck. He soon met a large bear coming towards him; he immediately fired at the bear, which was only enraged at the wound inflicted, and made at the hunter in great rage. The hunter, however, undaunted, mousing his tomahawk and stood on the defense, and as the bear made a plunge at him, he sprang aside and aimed a death blow at his skull, but unfortunately, in aiming the blow, the cord on the handle was thrown so as to pass over the bear's head and hang around its neck, and destroy the force of the blow, which proved but a slight one. But, however, not fanning his collar or his dangling accompaniment, kept straight ahead, leaving the hunter in quiet possession of the field, minus his tomahawk, which he never held of again. Even the timid deer did not always submit to its late without resistance, for the male sometimes when badly wounded, would turn up his play with the wrath of a tiger, and was found a dangerous toy, and many stories are told of the life and death struggles that old hunters had with such foes.

But the most extraordinary puzzle was the story of old Matthias Shultz and the buffalo, which, after being shot and skinned, plumped into Green river and made its escape. The old man used to tell this story with a twinkle of the eye, and affirm it for a fact, and as he was a man of undoubted veracity, none knew how to believe or explain the story, which the old man never would do only to a particular friend, which explanation was as follows: One day he met a fine large buffalo, which had been down at the water's edge to quench his thirst, and had almost reached the top of the bank, when Shultz shot him dead; he turned him on his back, his horns suiting well as pegs to hold him steady, and soon had his entire skin separated from his body. Nothing to do but separate the carcass from the head, which, with the aid of his hunting knife and tomahawk, Shultz readily done, even sooner than he anticipated, for at the last blow which severed the neck bone, away slid the carcass into the river, which no doubt formed a bountiful repast for the fishes.

Another good story is told of a lad named John, who, full of fun and frolic, was always ready for a practical joke upon man or beast. On a cool, frosty morning John was going on an errand to a neighbor's house; the path led along a level ridge. At a sudden turn in the path he saw the back of a wolf; it having its head down, and then being in a slight depression, so that it did not see John, who, having no gun, hid behind a tree immediately by the path. What a glorious lot of fun thought he, in scaring the wolf out of his skin. The wolf came trotting on, and out sprang John, right before its nose, with the loudest howl that his lungs could utter. Wolf was so dumb tremendously scared, but as wolves will do when scared, his first motion was to give John a snap, which penetrated to the bone, on each side of his leg, and then ran as hard as wolf could run, whilst John stood looking, alternately at the speed of the wolf and then at the bleeding leg, and finally uttered the sage remark: "Well, what a fool I was!" in which opinion the reader will no doubt concur.

Washington Irving, in his "Recollections of Ralph Ringwood," (otherwise the late Governor Davall), speaks of "Bob Tarleton as a strapping young fellow, with a head like a chestnut burr, &c." Now Bob was on myrtle, but a real, rattling, rowdy, idle scamp, only fit to fight Indians and hunt coons and such like sports. Still Bob had a streak of love in his soul, and was fond of the company of Miss Galloway, who lived several miles away. So Bob, late one evening, shouldered his axe, called his dog and struck a bee line for old Cheesley Galloway's, where he prolonged his visit until the small hours of night; the joys of courting must at least have a recess, if not an end, and Bob had again to shoulder his axe, while for his dog and deer. Now Col. Alexander Bennett had constructed in the woods a very ingenious wolf trap by digging a deep square hole in the ground, and fixing a balance door or lid that would tilt and let the game fall in. Bob's was an excellent cool dog, but he had treed so often when Bob would not come to his relief, that he had undertaken to teach his master that excellent business qualification of being prompt, and, if his master did not make his appearance very soon, he stopped barking and went his way. So on this dark night as Bob was wending his way and thinking of his charming love, his dog treed, and Bob started in a break run in that direction, and soon landed in the bottom of Col. Bennett's wolf pit, where he was greeted in the north corner by the clamping and rattling of a log's tusk, and in the opposite south corner by the growling of a wolf, so Bob was glad to take his stand as close as he could possibly squeeze in. In the western corner, still leaving the east corner unoccupied, but in a very short time it, too, had its tenant, for Bob's dog left his tree and came hastening after his master's trail, and fell in the unoccupied corner, where he was compelled to stay; for every while he gave, or move he made toward his master, brought forth a growl and clatter of tusks that drove him back to his own corner; and never were Kings more jealous of their own territory, and less disposed to encroach on the territory of their neighbors than were the four occupants in the pit. Next morning, after breakfast, the old man shouldered his gun and with his little grand-son Jo, started to the pit. Jo of course being most anxious to see what was in the pit

ran ahead, and to his utter astonishment saw Tarleton's chestnut burr reaching near the top, and cried out: "Grand pa! oh grand pa! here's Bob Tarleton in the pit!" "Why, hush child, what nonsense you are talking, Joe!" But Joe was right; and the old man had almost as difficult a puzzle as the ferryman with the fox and the goose and the corn; but finally resolved on shouting the wolf first, giving Bob a chance to lift out his dog, and then with the old man's aid got out himself, and with the aid of a noose made of hickory switches, pulled out the hog.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Lester from Oregon.

GREENVILLE, WASHINGTON CO., OREGON.

Col. JOHN P. BARRETT.

Dear Sir—Without excuse for delay or preliminary remarks, I would say that we left Boone, Ky., the 6th of March, and, after being delayed one week at San Francisco, arrived at Portland, Oregon, on the 23d of April, thence to Major James Bruce near Cornelius. On the fourth, just at night, we found ourselves in one of the most lovely valleys to be found even in Oregon. It is called the Tualatin valley, and is watered by the many tributaries of the Tualatin river, which take their rise in the range of mountains which completely surround the valley. The valley being hardly undulating enough to afford good drainage to the land, and such land being equal in appearance to the best in Davies county, Ky., and good for from twenty-five to forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, while oats produce double that amount. The valley is about forty miles long by twenty-five or thirty broad, and is so level, and the roads so firm in the summer, that fifty to sixty bushels of wheat is not counted a big crop from here to the depot for two common horses, a Central Rail Road runs through the valley. The principal towns are Hillsboro, Cornelius, Forest Grove and Lafayette. Hillsboro is the county seat, but Forest Grove is just simply the most splendid location for a town that I ever saw, and I can't help but think that if some of the HERALD's correspondents could be set down there any time of a clear afternoon, this side of Mount Hood, its gladders would be delighted with the poetic fancies the surrounding beauties would suggest.

There is an unprejudiced immigration to Oregon this season. Many are leaving California and coming here—some by land and some by water. Owing to the frequent failures there occasioned by the drought, they will not raise enough this year to bread their own inhabitants, while the prospects for a good crop here was never better. Good farming land on the upper Willamette river is now worth fifty to fifty dollars per acre. This valley has heretofore been somewhat overlooked by the emigrant, but land is rising rapidly here. Most of the old "web-foot" (that is what Oregonians are called) are selling out to immigrants and going east of the mountains on the waters of the Columbia river.

It might be interesting to some of my friends to know what I am doing. Well, I found an old "web-foot" that wanted to sell his farm of 210 acres, with about one hundred acres in wheat and oats, and we struck a bargain in a short time for \$5,000, one thousand down, the balance in five equal installments. We moved in on the 1st day of May, and a busier soul you will not wish to see than I have been since then, to get up team, farm tools, feed—everything to keep house with, provisions included; finish putting in the crop, help nurse our three young ones through the measles, so you see I have not been idle.

The more I see of this country the better I like it. With the present outlook the farmers all appear cheerful.

I have not called on Gov. Grover or Cronin yet; but when I do, I will let you know.

I would say to my Taylor friends that I have not had time to go to see uncle Tommy Taylor yet, but hope to soon.

With my respects, yours, &c.

J. W. SCOTTS.

A Reasonable Request.

When Sir Samuel Baker, the African traveler, was taking leave of Kamasi, King of Unyoro, that potentate asked him, as a particular favor, to leave Lady Baker behind. This cool request raised Sir Samuel's ire, and in high indignation he told the King that if ever he made such a request again he would shoot him.

Lady Baker, too, who overheard and understood the offer, felt that a word from her would not be out of place, and gave the monarch a piece of her mind in the strongest language she could command. His Majesty for awhile was greatly astonished, being unconscious of having given any offence. At last, seeing that his guests were really angry, he said, in a deprecating tone, "Don't be angry, I did not mean to offend you by asking for your wife. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you would have no objections to give me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you would like to exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like to do as others do, there's an end of it."

The King of Siam is yet a young man, being only twenty-four years of age but with a father of a son of nine years and husband of nine wives. His height is only about five feet seven inches, his complexion lighter than that of most of his race.

Brazil has now about one hundred lines of railroad building, or under survey.

For the Hartford Herald.

Beautiful Thought.

Col. Barrett.—The following article is the Graduating Essay in Bethel Female College of one of Hopkinsville's fairest Daughters. It betokens what the future has in store for her if she persistently relies her intellectual powers. God bless her and the noble college of which she is an honored graduate and over which Prof. J. W. Barrett presides with so much dignity and credit to himself.

Princeton, Ky. T. E. RICKBY.

WE ARE THAYER'S CLEANING BY THE WAY-SIDE.

The subject is one that opens an extensive field of thought to every mind capable of appreciation and reflection. It pictures life so familiarly and yet so sublime that the scene glimmers while it overflows with so much grandeur and beauty, by its study some of the deepest emotions of the soul are awakened—some of the sweetest and saddest.

Our being travels suggests that we are pursuing a journey—a journey through this beautiful world which we inhabit, circling amid others still greater. We view the world with all its lofty mountains, beautiful landscapes, mighty rivers and variety of plants, flowers and fruits reminds us of that great in the valley of Eden. But nothing, of all these diversified beauties, presents so sublime a spectacle to man, and so elevates his conception of the Deity as does a contemplation of the heavenly bodies. We are the sun, moon, and stars shining in their silent mysterious orbits, decorating the canopy of heaven, and making beautiful the darkness of night. When we view these and think of each being a world, we feel that there is a hidden power, a "Great First Cause," and feel like exclaiming with the Psalmist: "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Yet God has planted in our being a principle, which continually urges us on to new acquisitions, teaching us that we are but sojourners, and shall live when amid these scenes of enchantment and beauty which exist around and above us, man was placed in a state of perfect bliss. Not contented with this, he voluntarily abandoned the paradise of purity and entered the kingdom of sin. Since that time men have been travelers along the journey of life, gleaming by the way-side, until landed on the shores of eternity. This is proved by every thing around us. If we ascend a lofty mountain, beneath us we shall see in the distance the mighty ocean with ships plowing its waves and going on to some unknown haven; the placid lake and little skiff with pleasure seekers drifting along its flowery banks, and the moonbeam's silvery light reflected in its liquid depths; the hills covered with green forests, which were in the breeze as fields of grain at harvest time. We descend and see around us fields and meadows, luxuriant orchards, meandering streams, the shepherd and his flock, other men hurrying to and fro in the busy pursuits of life, and tall ancestral trees surrounding enchanted old castles, which bring to the imagination vivid scenes of pleasure and romance. We see highways of commerce leading in every imaginable direction thronged with persons going and returning. All these give evidence of travelers laden with what they have by the way-side. This is only a faint sketch of what we gather in our natural world; but who would, for an instant, compare these gleamings with what may accrue to us in the intellectual and moral world; is not the soul with its capacity for eternal happiness more great than mountains, oceans, seas, lakes, rivers or highways of commerce? Is not the mind with its thoughts that wander through eternity and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of more interest and importance than all of the treasures of earth? Who would attempt to draw a comparison between the visible and the invisible world? We are incapable, and can only invoke God to help us realize that "We are travelers gleaming by the way-side," and to guide and direct us in such a manner that we shall only glean that which is for our welfare and happiness. We gleam widely and spiritual goods, but in all cases we reap only as we sow. Our day and generations afford us many advantages for intellectual and moral culture. In these we must sow if we would reap. Many of us do not sow and still expect to reap. Many sow sparingly and their proceeds are not so much as they anticipate. Lives are not always what they hope to be. How many tired feet faint and falter; how many eyes grow dim with watching for the dawn that never breaks. Can one sow sin and reap righteousness, procrastination and "reap" promptness, illness and reap wealth or knowledge? No! to hope for this would be a vain delusion, for as the seed is so the fruit will be. My dear class-mates, our happy school days will soon exist only in memory; many of us will part perhaps to meet no more. We are about to leave the place and friends we love so well, and launch upon the active sea of life. It is important that we steer our course aright, and ask ourselves as we journey on, whether we are tending and what gleaming.

"The greatly wise to talk with our past hours, And ask them what report they bore to heaven?"

We have manifold duties to discharge toward others and character to form for ourselves; and nothing can do this for us—we must do it, aided alone by the great Jehovah. It is of the greatest importance that character be formed in youth. We shall exert an influence either for good or evil, which will widen and extend as time moves on, and therefore our every action, word and even thought should be guarded. A word timely

spoken or an act fully performed may change the current of a whole life.

"These are hours, with hours in their night." That do the work of time in their night."

To-day we enter an untried sea; our bark may drift in different directions; one wave of adversity may pursue another, and the billows of affliction roll over us; but our barks are launched, and we must run for the shores of the great Beyond. At the end of our journey we shall lay life's burden down, our gleamings will have been finished, and we shall cease to be travelers. Hope will change to fruition and the crown of everlasting rejoicing will encircle the brows of those of us who will have received the plaudit: "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

A Desperate Gambler.

An occurrence has lately transpired at Nice. A notorious habitué of the Casino, who had made his money principally there, had set up a vehicle, a pair of horses, "tiger" and all, and cut quite a swell driving in the neighborhood.

One day he was riding in the environs of the town upon the fine roads, when his servant, sitting upon the raised box behind, who had been feeling somewhat uneasy at not receiving his wages for some time, seeing his master ride alone, ventured to ask him if he would not make it convenient to pay him.

The master was in good humor, and asked: "How much is it, La Fleur?"

"One hundred and twenty-five livres, monsieur, I please you, monsieur."

"Very well, here it is," said the master, spreading the sum in paper currency upon the seat of the vehicle. "Now, La Fleur have you a pack of cards with you?"

"Certainly," answered the obsequious lackey, "I always carry them, monsieur," producing the cards at once.

"That is well. Now, I will be banker and you shall play against me. I will take the front seat, the back one shall serve for our table."

The lackey assented to this amusement at his master's condescension. Luck was rather on the master's side, but both men became eager in the game, thinking of that and that only.

Little by little the footman's money was gone, until all that was left of his wages was five livres. He became to feel anxious, when suddenly the luck changed, and he won the whole sum back and every cent his master had about him.

Amused at his loss, the master wagged a horse, which the lackey won, then its mate, next the harness; and lastly the carriage itself. Luck ran all one way, and the servant.

The master took out his watch, and put it down against a given sum. The cards were shuffled; the lackey won.

"I have nothing more, La Fleur; you cleaned me out," exclaimed the half-desperate gambler.

The servant was in high spirits at his strange run of luck.

"Here are a hundred livres, monsieur. I will stake them against your position; if you win, they are yours. If you lose, we change seats."

"Agreed." The cards were shuffled. La Fleur won, and the vehicle returned to Nice with its former master sitting in the servant's box and La Fleur inside.

The Loss of a Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other bereavements are trifling. The wife who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unwearily for the precious ones around her; bitter is the tear which falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway